

## THE OLD RELIABLE



## What Is The Matter With Dad?

"We happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend-worked letters of red, 'What is home without a mother.' Across the room was another brief, 'God bless our home.'

"Now, what is the matter with 'God bless our dad?' He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grubs his dinner pail, and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milk man, and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up.

"If there is a noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother durns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit. Well, dad bought it all, and jurs and sugar cost like the mischief.

"Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself, and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. 'What is home without a mother?' Yes, that is all right; but what is a home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding-house, father is under a slab, and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone."

From Case to Capital.  
In 1863, the funny man among the printers of the Madison (Wis.) Journal laid his stick on the case and looked hard at the ceiling for a moment. Then he said: "I must go," put on his coat, and started for the door.

"Where must you go, George?" asked John Hawke, the foreman.  
"To the war, John; I am going out to enlist now." He kept his word.

The new recruit in the Fourth Wisconsin cavalry, by his quaint remarks and rare good nature, marched at once into popularity, and within a few months was a lieutenant. He came home at the close of the war in command of a company, and at once resumed work in a printing office, but this time as editor and proprietor. Twenty-five years ago he served as chief clerk of the assembly; 22 years ago he located in Milwaukee, and in two years had the most popular weekly paper in the west, with a circulation of nearly 100,000. He made money rapidly. One Saturday night he figured up his earnings and found that they were \$5,000 more than he had estimated. He made his venerable mother a present of \$500. It was more money than she ever before possessed at one time. On another occasion he sent her \$1,000. Ten years ago his party drafted him into service and made him mayor of Milwaukee. The following fall he was nominated for governor and elected, and two years later was re-elected.

According to the Railway Age the total railway mileage of the U. S. on January 1, 1904, will be 209,855 miles. This mileage takes into account all of the year.

Compared with 1902, the present year is about on a parity in matter of railway construction. The construction reported was done on 380 lines, and in thirty-nine States and Territories, including Alaska. Early in the year it was shown that there were 8,500 miles of railroad under construction, but labor troubles and financial difficulties caused some of the work to be abandoned.

Motto of the grafter: "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand getteth."

## The Old and New.

In looking back over the twelve months elapsing since celebrating the beginning of another New Year, now old, how many young men will feel satisfied that the very most was always attempted?

Losing sight for a moment of the instances where success or failure made or marred fortune, how many of them will there be enjoying the feeling arising from simply knowing they have little or nothing to regret from neglect to improve to the fullest the opportunities the year presented? There may be a few, but there will not be many.

When failures are reviewed, how many of them will recognize the causes leading to them as neglect to put forth the greatest effort of which they were capable? Some few.

They will be the wise ones, who gather wisdom from defeat.

Old men have learned that whole soul application is the price of success; it is the lesson which all young men have to learn.

There is a word in the English language which every young man should look up today and beware of the future. The word is—Perfunctory.

Ability is very much the result of habits. Few men are appreciably lacking in it if they only understand how to develop it. There is but one way. It comes through thoroughness in doing things—thoroughness in doing little things at first. The clerk who thinks it makes little difference how a letter is folded preparatory to mailing it is sure to be equally careless in other respects. The shipping clerk who fails to understand the necessity of neatly lettering the name and address on the package he is sending out will not appreciate the value of the time which a customer loses while a mislaid package is being traced. The bookkeeper who resorts to forcing a balance and the cashier who makes up a small shortage out of his own pocket unconsciously come to lose their own self-respect, and, sooner or later, that of their employers. The manager who excuses carelessness on the part of subordinates eventually becomes careless himself and worth less.

There is another word in the English language which every young man should look up today, have engraved on a little disc and wear as a watch charm. The word is "Thoroughness."

It is the secret that will make the review of one year hence tell of "Success."

Most young men judge success by wealth, and, estimating it by that standard, they should remember that wealth seldom comes except as the reward of merit, and merit is essentially the result of thoroughness. The mere accumulation of dollars is not necessarily wealth, but even the ability to accumulate them is the reward of a certain kind of worthiness founded in thoroughness.

## A Mysterious Affair.

Robert Bane, a wealthy bachelor farmer, aged about 45 years, residing about four miles from Keyser, committed suicide by discharging the contents of a small Remington shot gun into his mouth.

One of Mr. Bane's neighbors was passing the house Saturday morning and noticed a white cloth two or three feet long nailed up against the front door. Knowing that Bane lived alone he immediately had suspicions that something was wrong; and went to the house, finding the door locked. He broke the door open and found the unfortunate man lying on the floor, his head and face badly mutilated and stained with blood, the muzzle of the gun near his head, and a stick about the length of the gun barrel by his side near him. On the table was a lamp burning, and close by the lamp on the same table was a note which read as follows: "Through sympathy for my sister, I have made a mistake I can never recover from. My will is in my trunk."

In a small trunk found in the back room was a large sealed envelope, with the dead man's name written across the seal. In it was his will which was turned over to Mr. J. W. Bell, Clerk of the County Court.

Tin City is the name of a new town that has sprung up within the last year near Cape York, not far from Behring Straits. It is reported that there are immense deposits of tin there, enough to save the country the \$20,000,000 which we now pay annually for foreign tin.

## Wm. B. Allison Holds the Record for Continuous Service in the United States Senate.

William B. Allison entered the United States Senate in 1873, and there is now no member of that body who has served the same length of time continuously. A large number of famous men were to be met there 30 years ago, and Allison feels it quite a distinction to be the sole survivor of such a membership. While it is true that two members (Stewart of Nevada and Mitchell of Oregon) now there were there 30 years ago, Senator Allison has seen them go and their successors take their seats and again witnessed their return. He is the one man who has been a member and witnessed a complete change in the Senate, he alone excepted.

## How Pat Got the Rooster.

General Ian Hamilton, now visiting in this country, figures in one of the best campaign stories of the Boer war. The incident happened during the campaign east of Bloemfontein, when Hamilton had command of an assorted column, half Canadian, half regular, that composed the extreme right wing of Roberts' army.

General Hamilton reviewed the Canadian infantry one day in a small village for the purpose of telling them they must stop the plundering for which they were so notorious that they had earned the nickname of "The Thousand Thieves."

The column had just drawn up and was waiting for Hamilton to begin the review when a ragged rooster ran out from a hut and across the front of the line. A kind of shiver ran through the volunteers. Suddenly a private left the ranks and took after the rooster.

"Halt!" shouted Hamilton. The soldier ran on. He shortly overtook the rooster and turned back, wringing the neck of the fowl. As he passed the General he noticed the fierce scowl on his face. The soldier was an Irish boy from Toronto and not easily daunted, but this time he temporized. Throwing the defunct rooster at the General's feet, he said:

"There, now, I'll tache ye t' halt when the General says so!"

History records that the column laughed and the General smiled. Also that the soldier got only two days in "quod" for one of the most barefaced breaches of discipline in the records of the most irregular corps in the army.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Preacher Killed a Bear.

Rev. S. M. Engle, of Parsons, was one of a party of eight that went on a deer hunt recently on Cheat Mountain. They came across bear tracks and the dogs took the trail and soon treed a she-bear and two cubs. Mr. Engle was first on the scene and found the bear furious with rage. He fired a load of buckshot into her and she came down the tree in a hurry and made off. With another shot he killed one of the cubs and then ran after the old bear. He found her dead about a hundred yards away. The other hunters arrived about this time and killed the second cub. The old bear weighed 200 pounds. Mr. Engle got a fine robe and a generous supply of bear meat.

Hereafter no man will speak of the Republican party of West Virginia for there is no such thing as a party. There is a political machine, however, doing business under that name, but it exists only in Washington City whence orders are issued to the servitors like the old plantation owner used to issue orders to his overseers concerning the field hand. A man who supposes himself a republican dare not any more be a candidate for office unless he first goes to Washington and has the label of the boss approval pasted on his forehead.—Parkersburg Sentinel.

## Clung to His Religion.

An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Brederin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs—specially downs—since I jined d-a church. I stole chickens and watermelons. I cussed. I got drunk. I shot craps. I slashed under coons with my razor, an' I done er sight er udder things, but, thank the good Lawd, brederin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion."

It may be that an Indian in order to be a good one must be a dead one, but there is where he holds an edge over other dead ones.

## FORGOTTEN!

"Z. Taylor. Died 1850." That is the inscription on the tomb of Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States.

A correspondent who recently visited the tomb of "Old Rough and Ready" says for over half a century it has lacked the care of a kindly hand and is fast falling into decay.

Apparently nobody cares. The tomb lies five miles from Louisville, Ky., and is off the road. Ivy riots over the weatherbeaten blocks of granite. The fastenings on the door are red with rust. So far as is known no key has turned the lock for fifty years. Visitors are rare. It is doubtful if half a dozen tourists visit the tomb during a twelvemonth.

And this neglected spot is the last resting place of the hero of Black Hawk and Florida wars. Here is the dust of that great soldier who, with 4,000 American riflemen, drove in retreat 20,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna at Buena Vista. Here are the remains of the American Cortez and President of the United States. He who conquered the swamps and everglades of Florida and made Mexico surrender is forgotten by his countrymen. Not one in 10,000 knows the place of his sepulcher.

The plaintive words of Rip Van Winkle are appropriate: "How soon we are forgotten when we're gone!"

The mileage scandal, in which both parties are equally involved, comes up again in a humiliating shape. The regular session of Congress followed the extra session so closely that there was but a few minutes intermission, yet the members, with a few exceptions, drew the entire mileage of twenty cents a mile for journeys that were never made. Ordinary travel costs about two cents a mile by rail. But not only have Congressmen drawn pay for journeys never made in whole or in part, but they have very generally traveled on passes issued to them by railroads concerning which they are often called upon to legislate. This is a national disgrace and a national grief, and it is high time that a crusade was begun similar in fervor to that against the franking abuses and Credit Mobilier which sent so many statesmen into oblivion.—Cereado Advance.

Chicago, having had an experience without parallel in the horrors of the great Iroquois disaster, seems to have learned the lesson as to the necessary and needful precautions and safeguards, and the councils are considering an ordinance more exacting than any ever before adopted in this country, applicable to theaters or other places where the multitudes gather. It was carefully prepared by what may be called a commission of experts. It requires that every theater in Chicago must have at least two exits upon streets or alleys, and a fireproof passage five feet wide must run entirely around the stage and the auditorium. A steel fire curtain must be lowered after the performance and also after every act. These thorough safeguards should and, it is to be hoped, will act as incentive to other cities. The lesson is before them, and other warnings are not requisite.

## Wait on Her.

The philosopher remarks: "Once I was young, but now I am old, and I never have seen a girl who went back on her mother who ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It is not exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and lawful on the lives of many misfit homes. If one of you chaps ever run across a girl with her face full of roses, who says to you when you come to the door: 'I cannot go for 30 minutes, for the dishes are not washed,' you wait for that girl. Sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow will come along and carry her off, and then you lose an angel. Wait for her and stick to her like a burr on a mule's tail."

The making of bogus Indian relics has become quite a flourishing trade in the Southwest. At nearly every railroad station from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to San Bernardino, Cal., there are Indian girls who peddle historic pottery made a few days before, and the same is the case with stone idols and other "relics of the stone age."

A cool reception often precedes a hot finish.

## A Cheat that Came in the Mayflower

It is sure to attract the attention of every New England woman and with pride in her heart she marvels that it is so strong



and well preserved. This is due to the fact that it has received prompt attention when any signs of weakening were shown. No woman of to-day may keep her strength and preserve her good looks if she gives immediate attention to the first symptoms of any womanly weakness.

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Miss Stella Johnson, of St. Brady St., Dayton, Ohio, writes: 'I was troubled with severe pains every month. I wrote to you for advice. After following your directions, I am happy to say that after five years of untold suffering I have not had any pains since first using your "Favorite Prescription." I thank God and Dr. R. V. Pierce for the health I now enjoy. I shall urge other women who suffer as I did to use your medicine.'

Take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets instead of any other laxative.

## Keeping Friends.

Friendship is worth taking trouble about. It is one of the things about which we should remember the Apostle's command, "Hold fast that which is good."

Thoreau said: "The only danger in friendship is that it will end." Correspondence and conversation and social courtesies are the ways in which we throw guards around our friendships lest they end. A man who loses a friend for want of a letter now and then is like a man who loses his money for lack of a pocketbook. He is losing a very precious thing for lack of a very little expense and trouble. How carefully Jesus selected the close circle of his friends, and how watchfully he guarded their mutual friendship after he had selected them. The friend who sticketh closer than a brother is always one who has taken some trouble in the matter of his friendships. Let us be careful that we do not go through life with holes in our pockets through which our friendships slip.—S. S. Times.

## Death on the Culp Bank.

No matter what form death assumes it is never welcome. The grim messenger makes his appearance in many forms in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, but only in one form is painless and pleasant, and to only one the victims go unconsciously. It is the death of the burning culm bank. Many times during the year is such a death recorded when one of these great culm banks is burning. The fire is not seen in the daytime and at night it shines only with a faint glow through the layers of ashes which separate the live coals from the outer air.

To these burning banks tramps and other unfortunates, forced to spend a night in the open air, go when the nights grow chilly. The warm breath of the culm lures them on with a promise of a warm bed for the night, and they lie down to sleep in the comfortable atmosphere of the bank and never open their eyes again.

The noxious gases emanating from the bank wait over them so softly that they are soon asleep and in many cases they never awaken, being suffocated during their slumbers.—Detroit Free Press.

## How They Worked It.

A teacher in a Texas public school received the following letter the other day: "Sir: Will you in the future give my son easier some to do at night? This is what he's brought home two or three nights back: If fore gallons of beer will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many pints and half pint bottles will nine gallons of beer fill? Well, we tried and could make nothin' of it at all, and my boy cried and went back in the mornin' without doin' it. So I had to go and buy a nine gallon keg of beer, which I could ill afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We filled them and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know whether it is right or not, as we spilt some while doin' it. P. S.—Please let the sons be in water, as I am not able to buy more beer."

Chicago now pays her superintendent of schools \$10,000 a year.

## The Goose Got Away.

To the Hon. Joseph Sibley, of Pennsylvania, the yarn-loving members of the House are giving credit for this story:

There was a rich old farmer who lived in one of the interior districts near Philadelphia, and who got tangled up in a money transaction with one of his neighbors. Mr. Alston, for that was his name, sought attorney, who gave him a letter of introduction to a brother lawyer in Philadelphia, at which place it was necessary to enter the suit. The letter was delivered to the lawyer, and while he was reading it he was called out of the room, leaving the letter on his desk. Mr. Alston let curiosity get the better of him and read the letter, which closed with a postscript stating that "Mr. Alston is a fat goose; pluck him heavy."

That was enough for the old farmer, and, seizing a pen, he wrote: "P. S. No. 2—The goose has flown, feathers and all."

It took him about three seconds to amble down the stairs and into the streets, and he has not had anything to do with lawyers from that day to this, preferring to pluck his own geese.—Washington Times

## Why He Stayed.

The chapel of a northern fishing village used to depend for its services on the occasional help of the clergy of the nearest town. One very wet Sunday the clergyman who volunteered to do the duty drove over in a fly. Telling the chapel bell himself, he announced his arrival to the natives, but for a long time no one appeared.

At last one solitary person came in and took a seat at the very back of the chapel. The clergyman then found his surplice and conducted the service. That ended, he remarked to his audience of one that perhaps a sermon was superfluous.

"Oh, please go on, sir," was the flattering reply, and the clergyman mounted the pulpit.

In the course of his address he expressed the fear that he was wearying his hearer, and was gratified to be told that he could not be too long. The sermon, consequently, was lengthened out to some forty minutes.

When it was ended the preacher expressed a desire to shake hands with the gentleman who had listened to him with such evident appreciation. Imagine his consternation at discovering on a nearer view (for he was somewhat short sighted) that he had been preaching to the driver of his fly, who was all the while charging overtime.—London Tit Bits.

Chairman James K. Jones of Arkansas called the Democratic National Committee to order at noon on Tuesday in the ball-room of the Shoreham hotel in Washington, to select the time and place for the Democratic national convention. Distinguished Democrats were present from all parts of the country. There was a strong sentiment in favor of the central west, the meeting to be a week or two after the Republican convention. Great harmony prevailed, with tendency to minimize contested questions.

LATER.—The National Executive Committee has selected St. Louis as the place for holding the next Democratic National Convention, and fixed the time on the 6th of July.

The Washington clerks are in a heap of trouble. The Cabinet has decided that they must hereafter work seven hours a day, instead of the regular six and a-half. The clerks are indignant and point to the way in which their distinguished chiefs waste the time of the government, being present at their desks several hours a day less than the law requires, and going picnicking around the country and stumping for their party in violation of the civil service law of which the President has been such a strenuous advocate. Clerks threaten to get even by "soldiering."

## Nothing Doing.

"Well, and how is business with you?" Said the coal hod to the bin, Creeping closer to the furnace. As the cold came slipping in.

"Business?" said the empty coal bin, Shivering till its door hinge broke. "Business? There is nothing in it. It has all gone up in smoke."

## Overmatched.

An amusing incident was witnessed in a cigar store the other afternoon.

A newsboy, having picked up a cigar stump, walked in and, addressing the man behind the counter, said, "Say, boss, give us a match." The man behind the counter, looking down, said, "My young friend, we are not here for the purpose of giving away matches; we sell them." "How much are dey?" was the question. "One cent a box," the clerk announced. The robin stuck his hand into his pocket and produced, after a great deal of hunting, a penny, and handed it to the man. He received his box of matches and, taking one out, lit the "butt." Returning the box to the man back of the case, he said, "Say, put this box on de shelf, and when a gentleman comes along and asks you for a match, why, give him one out of my box."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Pope's Sleeping Car.

Although the Pope never travels he owns a sleeping car, which was constructed in 1868, when the line from Rome to Naples was opened. It will be exhibited at the Milan exhibition in 1905 to inaugurate the Simplon tunnel. There are three compartments—a throne room a car for the guard of honor and a bedroom. The throne room is richly furnished and has a cupola engraved with the papal arms and the 12 apostles. The carriage is so arranged that the Pope when seated on his throne is plainly visible and can give his benediction to the crowds at the stations. The sleeping car is divided into three parts—bed, bath and dressing rooms—which are hung with yellow and white, the papal colors. The bed is of ebony and ivory.—Chicago Chronicle.

The old man was sitting on the top of his house in Kansas after the floods, and was gazing placidly across the rushing waters.

"Washed all your fowls away?" asked the man in the boat.

"Yes, but the ducks swam," smiled the old man.

"Tore up the peach trees?"

"Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure."

"But the flood! It is up to your windows!"

"Wal, them windows needed washing, anyway, stranger."

It costs \$1,000 to fire a 12-inch coast gun. Ten shots were fired last Monday from two of these guns at Fort Greble, near Newport, R. I., the largest being a moving raft towed by a government tug at distance of 7,000 yards. The projectiles weighed 1,000 pounds, and 500 pounds of smokeless powder was used at each charge.

## Reflections of a Spinster.

Love that needs proving is counterfeit. Renunciation is giving up what we can't have.

Friends are kept by silence—not by confidences.

To remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor.

The world's verdict is easier to over-rule than that of one's own conscience.

Ecstasy is happiness magnified into pain.—Everybody's Magazine.

The arguments before the Supreme Court in Washington in the famous case of Minnesota against the Northwestern Securities Company, closed on the 9th. A Philadelphia lawyer tried to make the court believe that there is an immense difference between a corporation and its stockholders. The latter sometimes think there is.

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Just think of it! She paid \$1,000 for a dog!

"What extravagance! She could have bought a real nice husband for that."

Every virtue when too far developed degenerates into a vice. Conscientiousness easily passes into stubbornness and economy into stinginess, and prudence into cowardice.

Guilty of murder in the first degree, Finley Preston, colored, has been sentenced to hang at Knoxville, Tenn., March 2, the same jury finding his father not guilty.

There should and must be a law for the protection of the sheep raisers of this country. Something must be done to protect our progressive stock breeders and rid the country of the worthless ones that infest it.

A model schoolhouse is being built in New York, which contains bathrooms, restaurant, library, mending bureau and other conveniences.

The gas man and the coal man are having their pull now, but the ice man is sawing ice and singing, "In the Good Old Summer Time."

W. M. Duffy. H. L. Robey.

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